

The Historie of

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deepe expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herdfordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious L.
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approoued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,

Henry the fourth

Stainde with the variation of ea
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this
And he hath brought vs smooth
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomf
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two an
Balkt in their owne blood did Si
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prison
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and elde
To beaten *Dowglas* and the Earle
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Mente*
And is not this an honourable s
A gallant prize? Ha, *Coosen* is i

West. A Conquest for a Prince

King. Yea, there thou mak'st
In enuy, that my Lord *Northum*
Should be the Father of so blest
A Sonne, who is the Theame of
Amongst a Groue, the very str
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion
Whilst I by looking on the prai
Sec Ryot and Dishonour staine
Of my young *Harry*. O that it c
That some night-tripping *Fairy*
In Cradle clothes, our Children
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Planta*
Then would I haue his *Harry*, an
But let him from my thoughtes
Of this young *Percies* pride? Th
Which he in this aduenture hat
To his owne vse he keepes, and
I shall haue none but *Mordake*

West. This is his Vnckles te
Maleuolent to you in all aspect
Which makes him prune himse
The crest of Youth against you
King. But I haue sent for him
And for this cause a while we n
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Strainde